Granville, July 25, 1835.

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My sweet Helen:

A week ago this morning, I was by your side, making busy preparation to depart, and feeling all the regret in view of our separation that deep and unchanging affection could inspire. I am now at my journey's end, under the roof of my aunt Nancy's, my mother's own sister, and truly a most worthy woman. It is twenty-five years in September since I was here; every thing is strange to me, although, from the sparseness of the population, there cannot have been many radical changes wrought since that time. I remember nothing distinctly, except the visits of the Indians to my aunt's house — especially do I remember the squaws who came with their little pappooses (babies) tied or slung upon their backs. These children of the forest have gradually melted almost entirely away — for the extermination of the weak and unciviliged has generally followed the presence and advancement of the white man.

Uncle and aunt were truly rejoiced to see us. The latter sobbed and wept like a child, for gladness of heart. We came upon them as those risen from the dead. They are living in very comfortable circumstances, owning two farms with a large stock of cattle. Last week, one of their daughters was married to a young man from Boston, whose appearance is agreeable, and who apparently possesses an intelligent mind. Although we were

too late for the wedding, yet our congratulations come seasonably, and ones may be termed a wedding visit.

I have ascertained the facts in relation to the property left to aunt Charlotte and myself. The whole amount is trifling; but petty as it is, we shall have some difficulty in getting it, unless we engage in a law-suit, which I cannot do. It seems that my grandmother bequeathed about sixty acres of land to her children, on Deer Island, about three miles below Eastport. This land has long been in the entire possession of my uncle Plato Lloyd, of whom I wrote in a former letter. He has unjustly monopolised the whole of the land, although he has no right to any more of it than myself — that is to say, about ten acres, worth perhaps five hundred dollars only — for the soil is rocky and sterile generally, and the wood upon it of no great value. Uncle Plato promised aunt Charlotte that there should be an equitable settlement of the matter, but those who know him say that not the least reliance can be placed upon his word; so that our trip bids fair to be a bill of expense, unless we resort to compulsory measures to obtain our dues.

Under these circumstances, I shall shorten my visit, and make a rapid movement towards home. It is now Saturday: — here I must remain until Tuesday morning, when I shall take the steam-boat for St. John — from thence I shall start on Wednesday morning for Eastport, and take the packet of that evening for Boston — the same packet that I came in, viz. the schooner Boundary, Capt. Blackford. So that I trust, my dear wife, I shall see you by Saturday evening — making only a fortnight from the hour of my departure. Indeed, it is somewhat probable that I shall arrive in Boston even in advance of this letter.

Aunt Charlotte feels as if she must return with me — so you may expect us in company together.

My cousins Arden and George Garrison, at St. Johns, gave me a very kind reception. Both of them are married, and very likely men they are. I have two uncles residing up the St. Johns river, but I am home-sick, and cannot therefore make them a visit. On Dear Island, I have about fifty-five different relations, and a multitude in other places.

Have you any objections, my dear, to my growing younger? I trow not. Well — it is a fact that I am not so old by one year as I have supposed myself to be. I thought I was born in the year 1804, but my aunt Catharine, who knows all about my birth, and is infallible as to these facts, says that I was born in December, 1805 — so that I am only 29 years old. This is some compensation for my trip.

The health of aunt Charlotte and myself is excellent, but our faces present a fiery hue, being almost blistered by the wind and sun. My nose is as red as a toper's, so that I cannot easily pass for a cold water man. Fie upon the injustice of Phoebus!

How do you get along with your household affairs? — But I must ask you no questions, for you will not be able to answer them by letter. I shall hope for the best, and try to be prepared for the worst. I cherish some anxiety on account of your health, and long to know whether sister Sarah has recovered her own. May God bless and save you all! If I had the wings of an eagle, I would rise and soar away to you without an hour's delay; but I cannot travel any faster than the winds and waves can carry me. Adieu, my love!

Your affectionate husband, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

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Eastport, July 29, 1835—
Wednesday evening, 5 o'clock.

My Love—My arrangements, thus far, have corresponded with what I promised in another part of this sheet. Although this letter was written on Saturday at Granville, no mail has since left that place until the one that has come in company with myself—so I have brought it with me, and

Single.

Miss Helen E. Garrison,
care of S. Garrison & Knapp,
Boston, Mass.

shall put it in the Post Office here to-night. The mail however, does not start until Friday morning—so that the chance is still fair of my seeing you before this arrives in Boston. Aunt Charlotte has concluded to stay with aunt Nancy two or three weeks longer, before she returns. I left St. Johns this morning. Our Packet (the Boundary) is ready to sail at any moment—but it now rains hard, and the wind is directly ahead. We shall probably leave to-morrow forenoon.—The cabin is full of passengers. I hope to spend the Sabbath with you, but fear it may be a week or more on our passage.

Adieu!!

W. L. G.